LOVE'S PETITION.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

IS long ago
Since thy dear heart with mine
Kept ebb and flow.

O, love divine,
That pulsed with liquid fire
Like holy wine,

And thrill'd the wire
That, without uttered speech,
Told what desire

The soul of each,
Stirr'd with rapture wild!

Let me beseech,

No more beguiled,
That all the bygone years
Since last you smiled—

That all the tears
Shed since we parted last—
All doubts and fears,

Be in the past
Forever laid away!
That love thou hast,

The same to-day
As then, I hope, and feel
That it will stay.

O, dear one, deal
Kindly with him who prays,
The old wounds heal,

His spirit raise,
And let us give to joy our future days!

THAT DECEPTIVE TELEGRAM.

BY CHAS. C. HAHN.

The Rev. Alfred Brown, Rector of St. Marks, Quincy, was a most exemplary man and husband. He did his duties as a priest and loved his wife. This did not hinder Mrs. Brown from being insanely jealous. She was one of these uncomfortable women who are always trying to find trouble for themselves and others. As an article of the Athanasian creed she added what was not generally recited—a belief in the absolute depravity of mankind in general and of husbands in particular. The fact that Mrs. Brown never caught her husband sinning was only the more of an incentive for watching him closely. Because he was always good and open and loving, she put him down as artful, and, behind that, she had a shrewd, tricky man to deal with. And this, not so much because she was spiteful or unhappy, but because she was jealous of him and of his reputation.

One reason for this jealousy may have been that she was eleven years older than her husband and of a plain complexion.

She would never allow any one else to doubt or speak ill of him, and she herself would not do the latter to his face. But she held it as her divine right to do the former and keep a watch over him on the quiet.

Only once had she ever been able to secure even a suspicion of her husband. He had once, several years before, shown great interest in a girl of his parish who had gone to the bad. No one else ever thought of the Rev. Alfred Brown in connection with her disappearance, but his wife decided that he needed watching.

There were certain seasons of the year when Mrs. Brown's jealousy became abnormally active. They were in the spring and fall, when the Bishop of Chicago summoned his clergy to meet him at St. Paul's Cathedral in solemn semi-annual conclave, and to these convocations the Rev. Alfred Brown was wont to go, although not a member of the Chicago diocese. It was his one recreation, and they always asked him to address the meeting.

As a general thing Mr. Brown took his wife with him on these occasions and the couple stopped with a friend on Cass street, near St. James. But in the spring of 1888 this friend was obliged to take a trip to California, and Mr. Brown was obliged to seek quarters elsewhere. A bachelor friend hearing of his difficulty wrote asking him to put up at the North Side Clubhouse during his sojourn in Chicago. Mrs. Brown did not like to trust her husband among a lot of ungodly club men, but the spirit of economy was almost as strong in her breast as was the spirit of jealously, and she at last allowed him to accept the invitation. Mr. Brown accepted her decision with a species of chastened, holy joy which filled the good lady's soul with fears. He was up to something, she knew. An incident which occurred only a few days before he was to leave, heightened her suspicions. Her husband came in one morning with a long face and a solemn tone of voice, and said:

"My dear, I have just heard of a distressing affair. Mary Candee has run away and it is feared that she has gone to marry that scapegrace John Smith, who is connected with a saloon in Chicago. I feel very sorry for her and I hope that I may run across her while attending the spring convocation. If so, I may be of assistance to her or her husband."

"Alfred," replied Mrs. Brown, with a most austere look, "if you speak to the abandoned creature you will degrade yourself, and I forbid it."

"Why, my dear," the good rector replied, "you must be beside yourself. It is my duty as a priest of the church to help even the lowest. Of course I shall do all that I can to find the poor girl and help her in her trouble."

"Convocation, indeed," Mrs. Brown said to herself, when the rector had departed to his study. "A pretty convocation it will be. Why couldn't he take me with him instead of going to a disreputable bachelor club-house? He meant to meet that girl all the time, and I haven't a doubt but that he wrote to that old curmudgeon and asked for a room with him so that I could not go along."

On Monday of the next week the rector of St. Marks departed for Chicago, sent on his way with the kindly wishes of the whole parish, and accompanied by his Senior Warden and a churchman of wealth and piety, who also wished to attend the ecclesiastical meeting.

No sooner was he gone than Mrs. Brown received the means of verifying her suspicions. Monday afternoon the carrier brought her a letter from an old school friend asking her to pass a week or so at her home in Chicago. The invitation was for herself and husband, but she knew she could give a good excuse for going alone, and accepted the invitation as a godsend. Besides, her friend was the wife of an old army officer, and would enjoy hearing of the matrimonial troubles of a friend! So she sent a friendly note Tuesday morning accepting the invitation. The letter reached Chicago at 2:30 in the afternoon, and just as Mrs. Brown was sitting down to tea a Western Union messenger brought her the following dispatch:

Charlie is away for months. Called suddenly. Come at once. Am dull.
CARRIE BROPHY.

Mrs. Brown's arrangements were soon made, as they had to be of necessity, for the convocation was to last only from Wednesday till Thursday of the next week. She packed a small valise and took the night train for Chicago, arriving there Wednesday morning. She found her old friend a woman who troubled her husband with her sanctimonious airs. He was an easy-going Episcopalian, who believed that all he had to do was to attend church occasionally and talk back to the preacher according to book, while she was a Simon-pure Baptist, who believed in conversions, baptism, and a godly life.

Owing to the diversity in their ages, the wife had good reason for being jealous of him. So the two ladies enjoyed themselves all Wednesday afternoon and evening, the one telling of her husband's derelictions, and the other telling of her suspicions.

Meanwhile, all unconscious of his wife's close proximity, the Rev. Alfred Brown was enjoying himself immensely. His bachelor friend knew the north end and was able to give him surprising knowledge with regard to that part of the city. They drove in a carriage to the principal points of interest, visited Lincoln Park and saw the bears in the bear pit. Only two things marred Mr. Brown's happiness. He thought of his wife, lonely in Quincy, and of May Brophy's sad future. Before a day had passed he had another trouble. His former parishioner, the girl who had gone wrong, followed him. She had seen him in a cab, had followed and dogged him on every trip, begging for half-dollars. He wished to help her, but her persecutions almost made him decide to take his bachelor friend's advice and hand her over to the police. But Mr. Brown was soft-hearted.

Mrs. Brown inherited from her Puritan ancestors a horror of the theater, but her old school friend overcame her scruples enough to induce her to go and see Irving in "Faust."

"It is improper," the rector's wife said.

"But the moral is good," her friend replied.

So she went, and saw her husband in a box on the opposite side of the theater.

"Look at him!" she said.

"Look at who?" her friend said.

"At my husband! See him—the priest, the rector, who came up to attend a convocation of clergymen.

"My!" said her friend; "I did not know your husband was in the city."

"You didn't? Where did you suppose he would be when there was a church convocation in Chicago. You must know, Mrs. Brophy, that my husband has official duties which call him to church councils continually. Still, I will say to you that I don't quite like seeing him with a couple of ladies in a theater box."

And she nursed her wrath in silence till the curtain fell.

"What are you doing?" her friend cried. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to follow my husband."

"But you can't."

"I can," replied Mrs. Brown, firmly. And she did.

She followed her reverend husband out of the theater and saw him assisting two young ladies into a carriage. They were nieces of the Bishop, but of course she did not know it.

Just as he was turning away a young woman came up and evidently asked him for money. He gave her half a dollar and was turning away, but she clung to him with a persistency which was annoying, if not compromising.

"You ought to hand her over to the police," said the rector's bachelor friend. "The girl went to the bad long ago. I have seen her here and know what she is. If she troubles you again forget that you are a clergyman and hand her over to an officer."

The Rev. Alfred agreed and his friend engaged a Pinkerton detective to follow and protect him.

The next day, the Bishop had decided that the afternoon should be passed in the different parks, and that at 6 o'clock the clergy should assemble at his home on Ontario street for dinner.

Mr. Brown's bachelor friend accompanied him and together with the Bishop's nieces they went to Lincoln Park, visited the hot-houses, viewed the gardens, rowed on the lake, and looked at the bears.

Expecting some disturbance Mr. Brown had told his fair friends about his trouble and what might be expected.

Mrs. Brown was on his track.

For a few moments he left his company to look at the deer in a separate pen nearer the lake and when he returned found the Bishop's nieces in a peculiar frame of mind.

"You may take us both to the Bishop," they said.

"What's the matter?" the clergyman asked.

"Nothing," one of them replied, "only the girl you told us about came up and denounced you as her husband."

"This is really too much to bear," Mr. Brown replied. "I wanted to help the poor girl, but if she cannot respect her friends I must give her over to the police."

Accordingly, after taking the young ladies to their uncle, the Bishop, he called the detective and gave him instructions to watch closely and arrest any woman who followed or annoyed him or his companions.

Soon after, the detective whispered in one of the niece's ear.

"Beg pardon, Miss, but I am a detective. Is that woman yonder the one who annoyed you?"

"Yes, it is."

"All right. Hope you'll excuse me," and the detective went over and led the woman to the police station.

The Rev. Alfred Brown passed a pleasant afternoon after that and enjoyed himself at the Bishop's dinner, which was good and served in true Episcopal manner. After dinner there were speeches and a social, and it was not until nearly midnight that the convocation adjourned.

When the Rev. Alfred Brown reached the club-room he found a telegraphic message:

"Come at once. Am in trouble.
"THERESA BROWN."

"Holy Chasuble! Something awful must have happened! I wonder if thieves have broken in."

The good father never stopped to look at the date, which was at the North Side police-station, but prepared to go down to Quincy.

While he was eating salmon and enjoying ice-cream at the Bishop's palace his wife had been enjoying the hospitalities of the police court. When the police magistrate loomed up before her on the morning after her brilliant debut in Lincoln Park, he said:

"What's she up for?"

"Trying to extort money from the Rev. Alfred Brown, of Quincy, Ill."

"You lie!" the reverend gentleman's wife forgot herself so much as to cry. "He is my husband."

"What, this detective?"

"No; the Rev. Alfred Brown."

How she managed to work her way out of it we need not inquire, as it is a delicate subject. But work out of it she did, and the next evening, while her husband was supping on a cold meal and wonderieg why none of the twenty telegrams he had sent that day had brought an answer from his wife, she walked in on him.

"Good heavens, Alfy! what are you doing here? I thought you were in Chicago!"

"I was, as you know, Theresa, but this dispatch called me back."

"This dispatch, why," and she read it over. "What could have been the matter with you, couldn't you read? This is dated at the North Side police station in Chicago. Ah! I see, my dear beloved husband, you got this the night of the banquet and you had taken a cup of wine too much to be able to read straight. Take my advice and don't go to any more of them."

Mr. Brown was mystified, and Mrs. Brown never troubles him with jealousy since. She does not care to watch him any more and he has never learned who sent him that deceptive telegram.

What Some Old People Did.

"Uncle" John Coombs of New Salem, Ill., is 100 years old. He was born in Lisbon and his father fought under Napoleon. "Uncle John" says he remembers the "Little Corporal" and tells many wonderful tales about him. The old man is fond of stories and takes greatest delight in telling how he jumped, kicked an Indian in the back with both feet at the same time and robbed the prostrate red-skin of his gun. Of his three children one remains to comfort the aged pioneer.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sands, of Baltimore, Md., is 99 years old, and insists that she can take care of herself. When asked what she is distinguished for her reply is: "I am distinguished for having sixteen grandchildren, thirty-nine great-grandchildren, nine great-great-grandchildren, and many nieces and nephews grand, great-grand and great-great-grand." Mrs. Sands still shows her womanly characteristics in delighting in nothing more than a day spent in shopping. When she goes, as she often does, she always insists on seeing the goods on the top floor and persistently refuses to ride in an elevator. The old lady climbs the stairways.

"Amen!" was what the inhabitants of Fall River, Mass., always heard at every service in a humble little house of worship in that city. Stephen Gleason, aged 103 years, spoke the word in clear, firm tones. He was always at church when there was any to go to, and though so aged could pray as well as the preacher. One day not long ago the pastor was absent and the venerable old gentleman arose and preached a sermon that enthused the entire village. He came to this country from Cork, but never drank a drop of liquor. He died June 10, and left a widow aged 88.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's Dogs.

When Mrs. Burnett was a child her family lived in Tennessee. There they had—as she expressed it—"colonies of dogs," many of them disreputable ones, that came and asked to stay, or stayed without asking—any way, to insinuate themself into the household. One of these was dubbed "Pepper," because of his touchy, contradictory disposition, which led to habits and ways that were sources of great amusement to the children. He followed Mrs. Burnett's brother home one day, and intimated that he had come to remain. He pretended to be a dog who was highly strung and sensitive, and that these traits had not been appreciated where he came from, but the children soon discovered that his sensitiveness was but temper.

The moment he was reproved for improper conduct, he went out of the front door and trotted home to the other family, who lived about four miles away. The children would stand on the piazza to watch him till he was out of sight. He had a long hill to trot over, and the intolerant scorn expressed by his tail and little hind legs, as he jogged along, never deigning to cast a glance behind, showed in the most scathing manner that, in his opinion, the family he had turned his back upon were people of no refinement of sentiment whatever, and could not be expected to understand the feelings of a dog of real delicacy. He always went away when lectured, and probably came back when the other family did not approve of his actions, because he kept running away and coming back for a year or two, finally, however, deciding that the children were worthiest of his continued patronage.—*Gertrude Van R. Wickham, in St. Nicholas.*

The Only Attraction.

She—I should never marry again for riches if I was left a widow.

He—I suppose not—but the man who married you would.—*The Idea.*

A Lecture by Uncle Mose.

TEXT: "Wharsumever de hen scratches, right dar she expects to find a bug."

Bredren, sistern, and companions dear, it bothered me a heap to git a subjeck to lecture on before you to-night. I tell you I had to scratch my head a long time before I could find de right one. While I wuz a tryin' to git up some pints, a bright idea struck me—like to a knocked me down; hit me so hard that I had to rub some arnica salve on the side o' my head right where it struck, and dis is de idea: "Wharsumever de hen scratches, right dar she expects to find a bug."

I don't 'spect to 'splain beforehand how I'se gwine to treat dis subjeck. Jist wait till I git through, and den you'll know. Now, if you all can't cotch de pints out ob de discose as I go along, den you ain't gwine to git 'em at all, for I can't stop to make too many splanifications. Bredren, I won't divide my subjeck into words, clawses, nor phreezes, but I'm just gwine to take de whole thing at once—grab right a hold of de middle of it and sail in.

I want to draw your attention to de important fact dat when de hen starts out to git a few bugs for her breakfast, she goes to de right sort of ground. She don't go out in de middle of de big road whar de ground is hard enough to take de skin off a moke's snout. She wouldn't 'spect to git no bugs dar. She got more sense dan dat. She jist goes to some place whar de ground is soft and black, knowin' dat, if she can't find bugs, she can git grub worms as thick as de h'ar on a dog's back. And to all contents and purposes bugs and grub worms may be ensidered the same thing in dis lecture.

Now, some men an' women seem to have a heap of energy—always a-floppin' around, but don't seem to git much done dat's worth anything. Deir surroundin's don't seem to suit 'em, and by dat law of de survival of de fittest, dey gits turned down. 'Spect, if de truth was known, dey's a-scratchin' for bugs in de wrong sort o' ground. What ought dey to do when dey find out dat things ain't a-j'inin' right, and dat it ain't no use to try to make a round plug fit a square hole? Why dey ought do like de old hen—go to anudder place whar dey can do better.

Now you may notice de fact dat de hens don't usually git out in de sand and scratch for de exercise ob deir muscles. Dey must see dat dey's a gwine to get a proper return for deir labor. If dey don't think dat dey's gwine to git some bugs dey won't waste deir vallyble time a scratchin'—for wharsumever de hen scratches, right dar she expects to find a bug.

Some men might profit by dis idea. Don't go and make a big outlay o' money less'n you 'spect to git some proper return for it. You must work wid judgment. Don't do like de gennywine one-hoss farmer—go and buy a fine bridle for three dollars an' den come home an' leave it hangin' on de fence an' let de calf chaw it up dat night; or wear out his briches sittin' on de fence while de grass is a growin' at de rate of six inches a day.

Every now and den you see a man whirl in like he's a gwine to set de world afire—makin' all sorts o' new fangled things to work on his farm. He's got tired o' raisin' corn and cotton—ain't gwine to fool wid 'em no more—gwine to make a fortune raisin' turnips or Irish 'taters or some sich thing. Den sometimes you see him have bee gums as thick as six in a bed around his house, and pear trees as thick dat dey look like de quills on a porcupine's back. He won't talk to you about nothing else but dese new fangled things he's gwine to make a fortune on. 'Spect if de truth was known dat man is a scratchin' in de sand for de exercise of his muscles—no bugs dar to git. You don't ketch de old hen at any sort of business like dat. She's got too much judgment to waste her time in any such a way. For wharsumever de hen scratches, right dar she expects to find a bug.

De old hen don't put on airs, but goes right along and tends to her own business. She don't run around among her neighbors gossippin' an' stirrin' up scandal. Pity dat some people can't take lessons from her about dis. She ain't got no hy-pocrisy nor deceit about her, and right dar is whar she differs from a heap o' members of de church, fur I am sorry to say dat many Christians am effected wid dem complaints.

"A man's got a mighty slender chance for heaven
Dat holds to his piety only one day out o' seven,
And goes 'round among de sinners wid a lot o' solemn chat,
But nebber draps a nickel in de missionery hat;
Dat's for most in de meetin'-house for raisin' all de tunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons."

Bredren, bewar' o' dem sort o' men. Don't trust 'em a bit furder'n you can sling an elephant by de tail. But I ain't here to preach you a sermon—only to deliver a lecture, and for fear you might forgit it I'd better tell you my subjeck agin: Wharsumever de hen scratches, right dar she expects to find a bug.

Now often you see a man undertake more dan he can do. He gits too many irons in de fire—don't look out some of 'em gwine to burn up, sure. Don't try to do too many things at once. A man can't be a lawyer, a merchant, a farmer and a doctor all at de same time. He'd jist as well try to slice up de moon an' fry it in a skillet. Don't bite off more dan you can chaw. Let's see what de old hen does in a case of dat kind. Whenever she scratches up a bug too big to eat or to tote off, she just perceeds to dissect dat bug and to take him off piecemeal. If she can neither dissect nor tote him off, she just lets him alone an' goes on her way rejoicin'.

Now, dat fellow De Lesseps, dat's tryin' to dig dat big ditch across de ismus, has jist scratched a bug too big to tote off.

No use tryin' to do too big a thing. No one man need be conceited enough to think that he alone is specially commissioned by de Almighty to reform everything dat goes wrong in either church or state. De fellow dat gits such ideas in his head is jist about like de man dat tries to skim de clouds from de sky wid a teaspoon, to hive all de stars in a nail-keg, to dam up de Mississippi River wid a cowhide, or to hang out de Pacific Ocean on a grapevine to dry.

Now, bredren, I wish to draw your intention to de important fact dat de hen attends strictly to her own business, and consequently lets everybody else's alone. And her business is to lay eggs, raise chickens, an' scratch for bugs. When she does all dese things de height of her ambition is reached. Dar's many pints dat farmers, perfessional men an' politicians might git by noticin' how de old hen manages in various ways. But, bredren, my time is about out, an' I don't want to tax your patience too long. So most likely I'll better close up, wid de remark dat "Wharsumever de hen scratches, right dar she expects to find a bug."—*Chicago Ledger.*

On the Sick List.

I know nothing more distressing to a self-helpful person than to be laid on the shelf—sick! To lie like a baby and be fed; to have your face and hands washed, and your hair combed for you; to be read to, instead of reading to yourself; for, after all, how is any one to guess that which you like best in your morning paper to hear? To have somebody else over-water your pretty plants, or forget to water them altogether; to have a tormenting sunbeam flit your eye, and not to be able, with all your telling and your little breath, to get it rectified from your point of view. To have shoals of letters which you cannot read, much less answer. To be faint, and yet not be able to eat anything. To be unable to walk, and yet hate to be bundled up so to ride. To want seas of ice and gales of cool air, and have heat and warm food and drugs instead; to have a miserable little pup in a yard near yelping at the moon all night, or else a piano being murdered into the small hours; or to have wretched roosters crowing, or geese cackling, at daylight, close by, in some four-inch yard, where they are expected to do farm duty, to save a few cents on eggs and things; to have every little junk-dealer who goes by rattle six or eight huge cowbells, which are attached by a string to his miserable handcart, in order to let the world know he is in need of "r-a-g-s;" to have vigorous-lunged milkmen whooping like a tribe of Indians at scalping time; to have the new pavement before your door that is to "save so much noise," used as a racing-ground for the heaviest carts in the city, with accompanying oaths and vociferations, and lashings from excited drivers, and screams from small boys in imminent danger of broken necks.

And then, after that, to have your kind friends wonder reproachfully that you "don't get any strength," with all their cosseting!

Of course, when you disappear under the sheets after that, it isn't to sleep. Sleep! I guess so! Sleep! when you feel as guilty as if you could help being nervous and weak and limp and cry-baby-ish?

Now I hate to be waited on. It hurts my independence. I hate to lie in bed. I hate the sun to go down either "on my wrath" or on my mirth. I hate owls, and bats, and darkness. I like sunlight and tornadoes of fresh air. I hate gruel and messes and drugs, and hot pillows. I like ale, and a long walk, and light, easy clothing, and a bit of chicken at the right minute, to be taken out of my sight when I've had enough, and never again alluded to.

I like my doctor. He's my only alleviation. If I whisper "champagne," he orders it. For pills he gives me grapes. If he gives me "bitters," he always "takes the taste out of my mouth" afterward. He says if I am contradicted and thwarted I shan't get well. That's proof enough of his intelligence. If an invitation is handed me which I would like to accept, he always says "you will be quite well enough to go when the time comes," and then immediately I don't want to!

What's the use of trying to be a doctor if you don't understand women? Where would doctors be without women? For when men are sick, don't they blow out their brains if they don't get well in two hours?—*Fanny Fern.*

How the Egyptians Cool Water.

I need state only three facts to show the rapidity of evaporation in Upper Egypt. Water too warm to drink is put into a porous jar and placed in the wind, though in the sun; in a half hour it is as cool as good spring water.

At night, exposed to a breeze, even when the breeze is rather warm, before morning it becomes ice cold. The night of my arrival here I took a pouring bath on a balcony. The wind was balmy, but fresh. The rapid evaporation so chilled me that I could not stay out long enough for my bath. At the foot of the cataract we took a swim in the Nile. We wore our underclothes for bath suits. We hung them up before our staterooms to dry. In ten minutes they were dry enough to be worn.

We have all heard of the universal habit of all Africans to anoint themselves with oil, and travelers speak of it as a nasty habit. It is, however, necessary in very hot and very dry climates to prevent the cracking of the skin. An English officer told me that during the hot winds on the Upper Nile his hands and face chapped worse than they ever did in a cold climate—chapped even to bleeding badly. I have found fresh, white butter quite as pleasant on my hands as on my toast. The boys have felt no inconvenience from the winds. My hands are very sensitive to the effect of a dry, dusty atmosphere. At Assouan we were in the sun during two days. We did not use our umbrellas, our pith hats being quite comfortable, and yet we were just on the edge of the tropics.—*Chicago Mail.*

A Pleasant Evening.

Hostess (to guest)—I trust you are having a pleasant evening, Mr. Darwin.

Mr. Darwin—Oh, charming, I assure you, Mrs. De Hobson, aw—so far; and, moreover, I have two balls yet to—aw—show at to-night.—*New York Sun.*

HUMOR.

A DEADLY blow—blowing out the gas.

OUT on the fly—Noah's dove.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE champion bicycler no doubt calls himself "the champion of the whirled."

VISITOR—Do you love the piano? Lady—No, I prefer death by electricity.—*Siftings.*

THE reigning belle at the seashore is particular about her sun umbrella.—*Orleans Picayune.*

MUSICAL stars ought to be able to interpret the music of the spheres.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE witness who was testifying in an oil-well case was urged to tell the "hole" truth.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

LONDON sportsmen are trying to reform the English horse races, but they find it a turf job.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

"POOR childless wish!" exclaimed Fogg, when Fenderson spoke of his wish being father to his thought.—*Boston Transcript.*

A NEW poet talks of "Two Ways of Love." He could fill a volume by writing of the different ways of divorce.—*Lincoln Journal.*

SOCIETY, what there is left of it in the city, is done up in Mother Hubbards and wanders about like an unlaid ghost.—*Kansas City Times.*

E. BERRY WALL publicly confesses that he is very adverse to notoriety. That is as plain as the nose on an oyster's face.—*Burlington Free Press.*

IT is no excuse for the negro who is caught in a melon patch after midnight to plead that he did not know the farmer's gun was loaded.—*Boston Courier.*

LITTLE BESS—Fred I'm to write a composition on dogs. Tell me something about dogs. Master Fred—Well, fleas are always about dogs.—*Detroit Free Press.*

YOUNG wife—My dear, why do they call the places where you get help intelligence offices? Young husband—I suppose, on the doctrine of contrarities—the lucus a non lucendo principle—because they are depots for stupidity.

OLD lady—I hope, sonny, that a nice-looking little boy like you had nothing to do with tying the kettle to that poor little dog's tail. Sonny—No, indeed, I did not, ma'am, but (rapturously) gimminy, didn't he git over the ground fast!

"WHAT is a college commencement, papa? What do they commence?" "They commence to speak their little pieces, but forget what they intend to say. If they don't forget it when they commence the audience forgets it when they finish."—*Arcola Record.*

CUPID'S GEOGRAPHY.

When we are far apart, my love,
The world is very wide;
But it assumes a different shape
When we are side by side.

For then 'tis so diminutive
To our ecstatic view,
We half imagine it was made
Just large enough for two!

—*W. H. Hayne, in Life.*

ANXIOUS mother—I am so worried over our boy. He and another little boy tried to catch onto a wagon driven rapidly through the street and he could not run fast enough to get hold, but the other boy managed to jump on and then, my dear, our son, our dear little son, just stopped and began yelling "cut behind," just like a little imp, and all because he couldn't catch on and the other did. What shall we do with him? Husband—We must send him to college, my dear. He'll be the able editor of a great party organ some day.—*Omaha World.*

Remedy for Dyspepsia.

J. N. Semple, in the *Herald of Health*, recommends self-massage as a remedy for dyspepsia. His method is as follows: "First thing in the morning and last thing at night rub the abdomen down the left side and up the right in a round circle, also rub down the breast; now pace across the room once or twice, and then snap the lower limbs like a whip-lash, for exercise. Now twist the lower limbs, first on one side and then on the other, and rock up on the toes. Now for the lungs and abdomen; first take in a half-breath, then exhale all the air possible; then fill the lungs to their full capacity, walk across the room and back, at the same time throwing the arms back. Now in a half-breath send out every particle of air till you see the abdomen working like a bellows, and you will soon become a deep breather. For more extended practice in deep breathing the morning before rising is a good time, provided there is full ventilation and the air inside is as pure and fresh as that on the outside. Before a good fire wash the hands and wet the back of the neck, arms and lower limbs slightly, and rub down with a coarse towel. This is sufficient for a beginner, but entirely inadequate for the old chronic dyspeptic.

CHRONOLOGERS have divided the time between the creation and the birth of Christ into ages. First age (creation to deluge) 4004–2349 B. C.; second age, to the coming of Abraham into Canaan, 2348–1922; third age, to the exodus from Egypt, 1921–1491; fourth age, to the founding of Solomon's temple, 1490–1014; fifth age, to the capture of Jerusalem, 1014–588; sixth age, to the birth of Christ, 588–4 B. C. We are now in the seventh age, according to this chronology.

An Emersonian Shoe Store.

Miss Waldo—Have you any light rubbers suitable for summer wear?

Dealer—Yes, miss; here are some sandals. This part protects the sole, and this little strap going over the shoe——"

"Is the over-soul. What a nice idea! I'll take three pairs, please."—*Puck.*

WHAT is known in American history as the Ashburton treaty was that concluded between Great Britain and the United States, the former being represented by Alexander, Lord Ashburton, and the latter by Daniel Webster. This treaty was concluded at Washington, Aug. 9, 1842.